

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Clif.* That's my office for my fathers death.

*Queene.* Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.

*Yorke.* She wolfe of France, but worse then wolues of France;  
Whose tongue's more poison'd then the Adders tooth,  
How ill befeeming is it in thy sexe,  
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,  
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?  
But that thy face is visard-like vncchanging,  
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds;  
I would assay, proud *Queene* to make thee blush,  
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,  
T'were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shamelasse;  
Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,  
Of both the *Cisiles*, and *Ierusalem*,  
Yet not so wealthy as an english yeoman.  
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud *Queene*,  
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide;  
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.  
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;  
But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.  
Tis gouernment that makes them most admir'd,  
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.  
Tis vertue that makes them seeme diuine,  
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.  
Thou art as opposite to euery good,  
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,  
Or as the South to the Septentrion.  
Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;  
How couldst thou draine the life blood of the childe,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,  
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?  
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,  
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.  
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.  
Wouldst thou haue me weepe? why so, thou hast thy wish.  
For raging windes blow vp a storme of teares,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And when the rage alaes, the raine begins  
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequy  
And euery drop begs vengeance as it falls,  
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French-villain.

*North.* Beshrew me but his passions move  
as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.

*Yorke.* That face of his, the hungry Can  
Could not haue toucht, would not haue stung  
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable  
Oten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.  
See ruthlesse *Queene*, a haplesse fathers tear  
This cloth thou dipt in blood of my sweet  
And loe, with teares I wash the blood away  
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boast of this  
And if thou tell the story well,

Vpon my soule the hearers will shed teares  
I, euen my foes will shed fast falling teares  
and say, alas, it was a pittieous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne  
and in thy need, such comfort come to thee  
as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.

Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world  
My soule to heauen, my blood vpon your

*North.* Had he bin slaughterman of all  
I could not chuse but weepe with him, to  
How inward anger gripes his hart.

*Qu.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord M  
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.

*Cliff.* There's for my oath, there's for my  
*Queene.* And there's to right our gentle

*Yorke.* Open thy gates of mercy gracious  
My soule flies forth to meete with thee.

*Queene.* Off with his head, and set it on  
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of *Yorke*.

*Exeunt, omnes.*

and